# About Spirit:
# A Dime Piece's Guide
# to Understanding Spirit
# and All its Tools

A Novelette

by

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For Gael

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Part 1

## Solitude's Sum

In a sum, I am a loner, a loner with a big heart for things. Perfume is one of them.

At the top
To the heart
To base

To saturate clothes, the mind, the heart and the top of the dome. Head to heart to close. The heady base sustains and wraps like a billowy foam of therapy group bliss. A joy to share hauntings that drip and percolate as brew. Descending is a cinematic act of internal gripping for the releasing repurposing and redirecting.

## Talking On to Carry On

"You squeezed the bottle of lotion?" Gael, the therapy group counselor's eyes filled with intense interest gripped mine. I, frozen with a dazzling array of words frolicking about, around my head like a spinning halo, replied,
"Yeah…I just squeezed it, right out of the tube and into the trash."
"That must have been difficult for you to do."
"A rebellious act forked over at the insistence of the airport staffer. She was probably jealous of Madonna and her new fragrance line, so I let it pour one time through the air for her mind."
"That's funny. You rhymed." Gael smiled.
"What wasn't funny was my brand new fragrance set going down the drain, forking it over. I was really pissed." I said with a smile. "I could never hold onto the currency of anger for too long, a personal flaw."
"It's not a bad thing at all that you get over difficult situations. You shouldn't see it as a flaw. It's an attribute…a great one to have."

The Truth or Dare body lotion fiasco left me Naked, Madonna's second fragrance. The exposed liquid eau, the scent of apples and oud, closer to my skin tone in a clear glass bottle, was a sweet contrast to the smooth, milky white hue of the first. Having the same hobnailed edges along its lengthy octagonal bottle and golden caps. The unity between the two, in hindsight, a symbolic reflection of love. Two most loved to death women, loved to death all over the world, one apparent in the spotlight of contemporary times casting shadows of Victorian cherubic aesthetics: Madonna, and the one for all times: Me, Araceli Luna Basquiat, The Black Madonna, bearing the look of all the great religious leaders from the inception of their religions upon my

visage. The world burden and karmic debt. I'm a Mer (Myrrh) girl, Lucky number 13th song: Mer Girl from Madonna's *Ray of Light.* Marie (13), my birth middle name. I am the one with a Fleur Di Lys nose, pointed and perky to tickle pink a French perfumer.

"Oui." I hear Madonna say.

Miriam opened a can of soda and asked if I wanted a cup of coffee from the drink machine. "A cappuccino." I answered.
"The machine is out of that flavour."
"I'll take it black."
She returned with a styrofoam cupped coffee, sugar packets and pods of half and half creamer from the refrigerator. "Your coffee should always be to your taste, Araceli. You're an artist. A machine dictates where you can attenuate."
"What's in a cup of cappuccino anyway, right?" Gael said.
"The word amore. It's Italian. That's amore!" I said. The thought of the advertising slogan in my mind was billowy foam in between a humorous play and a foggy mind.

## CDs, Please

"Sometimes the best way to keep something, to remember it, is not to reveal it at all." Chad, pronounced in his chair, dragged out his collection of anime toys underneath his seat. "This time, I feel comfortable enough to share them with a public."
"Do any of them move?" Jacob asked.
"Some of them do. Some are battery powered. Some are directly from Japan and have winding knobs. My dad was into antiques and he got a few for me while he was there on business. I really like the battery powered ones."
"Why were you so nervous in sharing them?" Gael asked, sipping his cup of coffee, cold by now.
"I usually never get stuff back. Friends ask me for stuff and they never return them. I decided never to show my collection of anime toys. Nobody even knows I collect. I love *that* type of currency: knowing something that others don't."
"The empowerment and the thrill alone: ABSOLUTELY powering!" Laganja Estranga roared as she blew out puffs of smoke from her cigarette. "You got revealed a new currency a jukebox can't take, but a cd to a player can via a conduit: me. Anybody got a cd for the CD player?"
"I brought along a few cds for meditation." Gael said. "I have a few from my own personal collection, too."

## P is for Perfume

“So the airport staff, what did she say?” Renèe pulled her chair closer to the circle.
“She was dismissive and pretended liked she didn’t see.” I said.
“And really, how could she? She probably heard all the rumors about your trip to see Madonna in concert and you’re not even from the city.” Renèe grabbed her cup of cappuccino.
“You attended her concert?” Gael asked
Yeah, in Denver, Colorado.”
“Yeah, she fleeew out to see her from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Fresh off the heels of getting a new apartment and her first set of wheels.” Chad’s remote controlled a toy airplane to flight from the counter. Through the air it buzzed and tilted, making a steady land to the centre of the therapy group circle.

“It was when Madonna put out her first fragrance line. I remember.” Renèe said.
“What was the name of the fragrance, Araceli?” Gael asked.
“Truth or Dare. It was in a white bottle with a raised pearl outline framing the bottle. It was very pretty, matching the sweet gardenia petals.”
“That’s a popular flower, the gardenia, in the south and you said you attended school at GSU.”
“Yeah. I remember smelling the scent of honeysuckle in the air. It was the summertime and the first day I arrived in Georgia. The sweetness of Madonna’s first perfume matches the sweetness of the honeysuckle, which grows in abundance there, too. It matches the thickness of the air, as well.” The play of the gardenia petals competed for a stay in my mind, to relish the reveal of a thought billowing through, a thought of bulging persistence of the billowy foam of the in between kind…and my coffee.

“How was the lotion?” Laganja Estranja returned to the circle.
“I wish it had more moisturizing properties.”
“So it wasn’t a complete loss. Since you had all eyes on you, so to speak. They can later find out through the airport cameras. They probably sold the story undercover to cover the cost of repairs at the airport.” The air got lighter in the room as Laganja Estranga’s sweeping arms around the circumference of her tall, slender form deflected Chad’s flight performance From his seat, putting it under the bus. The air in my mind lifted up from the compartmentalized section I placed Chad’s clever humor in. Covered steam released. Eau de Gael doesn’t have a bad ring to it is my permanent insistence.

## Outward Bound

“I’m surprised you were ever able to get out of the airport.” Miriam threw her Coke can in the trash. An arch made with the throw driveled sprays of pop barely missing me.
“It was tough. That whole time trying to leave Denver, Colorado returning to Santa Fe. I couldn’t believe for a second time, I was about to miss my flight. I barely made it to the terminal. I was on the opposite side of the concourse when they announced, for the last time, the flight leaving out. I never heard the first go and my ears were peeled.”
“Run, run, run!” Rebecca Fiorello chimed in, beating out Chad. “Those terminals are so long. You gotta be a track star to make it across.”
“That’s how I really felt for sure. I thought, “Aaah, not again!” and I floored it so quick across, I became like reverse vacuum speeding through. It was a disembodied, out–of–body experience.”
“Until you stopped and felt your heart as you entered the gate terminal. I bet you felt like metal, the kind used for compressed air.” Chad beamed.
“There was a definite difference.” I said. Metal and air, heavy and light, billowy foam froth in a metal coffee cup, insulating the heat of a heavy heart. A heart bittersweet, panting steel. I felt my heart through my mouth as I continued to sip my cup of coffee a la Miriam, recounting with excitement of storytelling and love in the air still: Gael, our group therapy counselor: actor extraordinaire.

## Thrift Me

A time signature in a bottle, transformed into a message of love in the air transposed from Gael’s button down shirt that held the scent of a patchouli cologne with a persistent cleave of piety and philosophy. The scent transferring, swirled in my nostrils, to my mouth’s roof and commingled with another sip of coffee now cold, warmed in my mouth still. The vending machine dispensing coffee, a culprit in my mind of Miriam. I walked over to get another cup of black coffee.

The light for the cappuccino machine signaled green, a message of fullness, in one sense. I glanced over at Miriam who looked down underneath her chair for story time reveal. I really wanted that cappuccino, the sound hard and Hip–Hop measure standard for my posterity and sustenance. Yet, the taste was syrup sweet and missing arabica too much. “It should be to your taste, Araceli. You’re an artist.” My Mind of Miriam reminds me. I put the money in

and vacillated on, eventually buying both varieties. I'll drink the name and taste in both, commingling the two. I read Madonna's Like a Prayer single was released, laced with the scent of patchouli on its sleeve covering.

## The Magic is in the Moon

"Last night was a full moon and Araceli has a sliver of a crescent on her middle right toe, her middle name Luna." Miriam read from her journal.
"I have a friend whose last name is Luna." Gael's eyes widened.
"I hear that runs in psychic people's families." Renèe said "and beauty marks, you have a lot of them, Araceli. The lucky one where Madonna had her mole competes for your toe."
"Herr last name," Miriam goes on to read, "Spells the essence of the heart of an artist: B–A–S–Q–U–I–A–T. You're an artist, Araceli. They don't come a dime a dozen. You're a ten droppin' dimes."
"That rhymes." Renèe ended.

## The Clamouring of the Therapy Group

Coffee from Fiorello's flew from the table as we, all in the circle, clamored to the cups like cockroaches rushing to the scent of their female counterpart, whether present or not. Rebecca Fiorello's father dropped off coffee and bakery goods from his slew of chained franchises edging along the coast of Southern California. "My dream is to design as well as keep the books." Rebecca shared.
"Your wish will be granted," Jacob rose to grab a donut, "just as long as you keep perspective.
"I see…and raise you!" Rebecca held a donut to her eye and smiled.
"In spades." Jacob returned.

Part 2

## Psychics, Psychics, Psychics

Unraveling the self with incoming thoughts of prospects of a higher yield leads to an empty hand. No matter the bluntness of the object, the antagonistic objection is enough to foam and seethe the mind. The central objective of creativity drowned in sand with no distinction of compliments or savoury helping of bitter and sweet. Fiorello's coffee billowing up in my mouth and rising through another savour.

The babies of my future are all lined up like coffee beans in suspension fluid. The wervy lines, an accidental, however existent in its reality that they are It's something I've grappled with, I being saddled with the obligation and the fragmented desire of desiring objects. They are objects after all and they object and comply to object. Their charm lost. Contribution to the gene pool was never a goal of mine. I hope Madame Miriam doesn't see it for me. My hope to not, just fuel for the incessant drive of the other.
"And your declaration is?" I imagine Miriam asking.
"Nun." I say.
"There is always space for an astringent. Always a space for the cleaner." My imagined Miriam says.
"Before the party, the cleaning, the removal." My saying on continuous repeat for life is always fading and in a constant state of repair. Nebulous as images in a crystal ball. I love psychics that way.

"Blue Mountain Coffee is great. I've tried it once before...I'm sure you had it a lot while in Jamaica." Laganja Estranga said, holding a croissant and Fiorello's coffee cup. Her long and slender fingernails, like claws made by Lladró, created an intense contrast to the bulging, flaky brown dough. Simplicity never held such a highly decorated containment.

Miriam holding a glazed donut, sprinkled with rainbow sprinkles, groped at her conclusion, her prized Fiorello and—for me—a revelation of psychic presence. "Your coffee gets cold when you hold onto it for too long, Araceli Luna Basquiat. Don't throw it out, though. Build strength."
"How long were you in Jamaica, Araceli?" Gael interrupted.
"For two years, as a Peace Corps volunteer." I said with robotized automation. Plugged in and tuned a billion times. Searching makes me weary of my own currency of remembrance.

## The She Beast Mythology

Renèe orders pizza. “Making the list is half the battle,” Laganja Estranga declared, “Now, it’s time to make the phone call to….” She waited for an answer from Renèe who, in her faux green mink jacket, reminded me of Madonna interviewing in a strange place: BET’s 106 and Park. A true rarity on the crystalline boob tube, she made a splash in a black, billowy fur coat and cascading gold chains.

Renèe’s hair dropped down to the edges of her jacket’s collar in a curly and voluminous ponytail. Waiting for the answer from Renèe was like watching a Mexican standoff in a Looney Tunes episode. Laganja Estranga loving, yet intent, looked at Renèe who was determined to not get the answer wrong but not ask what LE meant. It would break with the elegance of her faux mink to LE’s long portraiture worthy nails. They should have both been on display. The look was priceless.

“When I’m really hungry, I just go for thick crust pizza.” Renèe finally said.
“The toppings on the list are standard across the board and the crust in California is thin, unless you go to a national chain. So loco or national?” Laganja Estranja released a puff of smoke from her cigarette.
“Loco.” Renèe said. Gael smiled.
“Then Fiorello's it is!” Rebecca sprang forth. “We sell pizza at our place as well.”
“I’ll be making the dough for sure at the W 3rd location.” Jacob added with a beastly growl of his rippling stomach, seen through his white v–neck t–shirt. Indeed, it was the prompt that signaled Renèe, the solution in the hands of the one where mutual love began to grow in reciprocity.

## Incense

I pulled incense from my pouch and stood outside while the order was on the way. The incense mimicked cloud formations on the tip of its swirl. Very thin curly wisps turning in on themselves. No psychic message in them, just fragrant inhale they’re oblivious to. How should the form care of its scent on its animated form? The moves are always the same despite the fragrance. The continuity of action in smoke brings peace. The sky’s stretched and wavy clouds keep surveillance.

Miriam walked onto the patio extending out towards the ocean with a bummed smoke from Laganja Estranga. Her Etro shawl dress in a southwestern style print barely missed taking her in a complete Santa bag, it just risen above her Adidas three leaf classics giving her a ghostlike apparition. She sat next to me in quietude, watching the waves rush towards the sand.

## Velas

Successive row of sweet things. What makes them sweet is the successive similitude of a favourite thing, a favourite attraction. Like trapping the one thing you love and desiring to have it on display in a line centuries great, solidified in commerce. The known image is the one that will be shattered. The meditative reflection of the desirous acquisition of the central goal and not the image in carnal flesh. The recycling of the old for the treasure hunt of the new found exquisite to don the ancestral line of the perfect meditative statuesque gaze.

The flickering of the candles were mellow, steady and continuous as we closed our eyes to envision a blank screen on the surface of our foreheads. The circle we formed raised to a hovering elevation. “Not this time.” said the Martian, as he walks up the stairs of his UFO. The light from inside the spacecraft glowed and formed lines around its edges. Tears formed a well around the rim of my eyes and drunk by them.

The recycled soul haunts and disappoints and yet there is light still—a ray, just beyond reach of the viewer but within one’s sight that’s consumed by the host as well as parasites. The ultimate close of a world coming to its finale, whether beaming with happiness or otherwise, is the second ray auxiliary, my default byproduct, the forefront of vital sustenance untapped by fiends. My nine lives, like a revolving, nebulous image hard to grasp, leaving an aura of mystery for the ultimate trap.

An air of freedom is consumed in the don’t care but please do come again. The M/M Mink of Byredo catching up to the D.S. And Durga march of Johnnie Walker Blue Label candles, time and time again for a lineup of wins. Rows and rows of the true blues without the sting of the eyes, the punctuated, “on point” nose with the flower of life base, the look of exquisite elegance that tames the roundabouts and the walking off into the woods to meet a fool other than one’s self. Deep set black with the flickering of the exquisite collapse of the brown flesh into the void.

## Araceli Luna Basquiat visits Psychic Miriam

“Here’s a tip,” Miriam, pulled three tarot cards from her deck, gazed intently and continued, “You’ve seen and experienced a lot. Without being bitter—I’m saying that to the exaltation and highest esteemed context of the word bitter, continue to LEARN and GROW. You often don’t receive the credit you deserve and it’s made apparent to you. Compensation is on the way, rest assured.”

Miriam steadied her focus to the centre card: The High Priestess, upright. Prior to it, the Ace of Cups reversed. The High Priestess leans on the shoulder of The Devil card: the future. Miriam drank from her Fiorello's cup, reflective. "You have the opportunity—through spirit—Araceli Luna Basquiat, to control the masses like Janet Jackson, stomp on trolls and throw them bowls, so to speak." I bursted with laughter. Coffee spewed from my mouth like the brown, carbonated liquid spray from a can's dance through the air. Miriam laughed, the entire therapy group laughed—including Gael. We all had a good laugh.

"I say that, even with the look of your visage being closer to The King of Pop, Michael Jackson. Dead ringer in many ways, with a solemn reflective personality characteristic of the legend that enhances the look. The Jackson May girl trio needed one more petal for the four leaf clover of Music by Madonna. You look similar to the goddess as well. Music (17) Stacey (17), some numerological analysis to the importance of your birth name to the significance of the word. Thank you for sharing that book Star Signs with me, Araceli Luna Basquiat, that was a good plug.

"…The album *Music* by Madonna comes to mind also." she continued. "…I see much love an happiness for you. It's been a tough one…I do wish you much happiness in your discovery work. Take things as they come...I see good things for you. This is psychic Madame Miriam, signing off on the reading for one Araceli Luna Basquiat. What a blessing to be Araceli Luna Basquiat."

Ticket to the Heart is Madonna

"Yes!" I hear the voice of Madonna in my mind as I see an ad for her latest concert online and my thought to go see her once in my life. No other thought of obligation arose in my mind, just excitement. A fan mode of exuberant joy and freshness surrounded the whole time."
"And this was in 2012?" Gael asked.
"Yes." I said.
"The preparation leading up to the concert must have been a challenge." He continued.
"It was a formative experience. It really tailored my time. Things sped up, looking back, not knowing one thing had anything to do with the other."
"New wheels, an apartment. Sounds like fear and fun all wrapped into one. Renèe said
"Independence in a beautiful dream of a town that's so real to me." I said.
"Vroom to the Volkswagen! Vroom to Krylon!" I hold my independent flag out for a billowy foam of mystery shroud. The silence of Tut's gold.

## A Bash in White Roses

In unison we, as a whole therapy group—including therapy group counselor Gael—chanted:

The case closes/
It was a bash
In white roses.

Miriam lead the group from a low hum of the mantric phrase to a thunderous escape and to a trembling resolve, dissolving into drops of rose absolute for Aromatics in White by Clinique. “His ass would have been in the hospital. That’s the power of glass on cars these days.” She later announced.
“Try Los Angeles” Jacob insisted “shit gets shattered all over the place.”
“My father is opening a Fiorello’s on W 3rd soon.” Rebecca said. “You could work there, Jacob.”
“That’s the business…that’s the business, for real.” Jacob looked on at Rebecca Fiorello. Jacob held his coffee cup and pointed of his finger to the name written in cursive, my imagination of an advanced play of a deluge of gifts for a big day in a lucky woman’s life. I zombie through the thought like the battle cry chant of a billion white roses hovering like clouds, assembling a wish for me to paint their faces.

The thought reminded me of an image of a baby’s face smiling in the clouds. To the surprise of the group to my witnessing such an event, Chad reasoned “It probably looked like one of my robotic toys. I know some people have the ability, through radio wave signals, to create images in the sky, so I wouldn’t take it too seriously…but that does sound interesting.”
Laganja Estranja added a deflect “My boyfriend’s a DJ and he played a record once called The Cloud People by Diamond Cuts and people went crazy for it. I’m crazy for this Fiorello’s right now, coming out of the clouds myself.” She patted her poofed wig and took another sip of coffee.

## Gael’s Frustration

To top the performance of my released conflicts and on the heels of Madonna’s yogic prowess in The Next Best Thing. Living in the currency of the present moment can create a showcase of inner strength and resolve. The mind processes and takes its time to reveal the course. What was correct fades from time to time and from mind to mind, that is spirit to spirit. The causation is the catalyst for a forward bend, to command of others, to hold their precious lives for a time with tree triangle poses and Adho Mukha

Svanasana. Instruction is the danger zone and attenuation the inner guard protected by grace. I was sure Gael's inner Tlahuelpuchi would emerge to shape us lean. The rolled out yoga mat would be his centre stage.

Part 3

## Música

Gael pulled a cd from his case to start the yoga session. He had quite a few, nevertheless his reach was decided for the one he chose: a meditative flute music album, Canyon Trilogy by R. Carlos Nakai. “Alright…Everybody stand in Tadasana. Envision your body like that of a flue, an open vessel for the inner flow of pranic energy to course through. Raise palms to chest and move them to the sky, arching your back gently…and gently bringing your body forward to centre, lowering your palms to chest.”

“Breathe in and out with ease through your nose inhale.” He continued “Warm the nostrils. Breathe in. Hold the the breath and release. Feel the power channeling through your form...
“Bring hands to the floor, jumping your legs back into Plank Pose. Our circle formed animated petals. “Lower the body into a curvature. Cobra Pose!
“Chest is forward, shoulders alert yet relaxed, arms strong like trees. Hands planted on the ground Prepare for Triangle Pose, pushing the hands firmly into the ground, jumping the legs back into Plank Pose, inch your palms back to form an arch of your arms and legs. Triangle Pose.” Ding! I said to myself. “Ensuring the back doesn’t cave, maintaining the strength in the leg muscles for support….gently walk the legs forward to the hands….and rising slowly palms to the chest in a prayer position and to the sides for rest.” Namaste.

## Gael in a Mode

Laganja Estranga blew smoke through her yogic form as though it were an acrobatic ribbon twirl and released the astuteness of a nightmarish beast on a cross of perfection. This has been done before. Gael’s inner Tlahuelpuchi began to nibble at my thighs, a nightmarish vengeance against my pulpy form as he instructed more warrior poses in a vinyasa flow sequence. Sharing Madonna amplified the group. They’re all still hanging on Use discretion is the cautionary phrase etched within my mind.

Madonna magnified the insatiable preying mind to strive for perfection, running parallel to a possible inclination of the concept I had for myself. The shadow self is the self. “Nobody *prays* more.” I hear her say. The statement is freeing and therein lies the danger. Form is needed to sustain a creative drive towards the body beautiful against the offerings of a beautiful world. My heart, the exploratory and haphazard reign, drivels blood for the Tlahuelpuchi’s nourishment: an Eau de Gael as vibrant as Frida Kahlo’s Sun and Life. The sun drips sweat tears, however no comparison to the saturation of the sun’s colour and the lush vegetation feeding from it.

“Come to Tadasana.” Gael continued his instruction.

## Gael’s Awakening

It is possible to top a perfectionist. Through the witnessing and a call to rise and accomplish for the sake of the self and other Gael’s satiated Tlahuelpuchi returns to him nourished after our yoga session. A feather under his cap. He unfurled like a dried resurrection plant submerged in water. He is drenched in Eau de Gael: patchouli sweat and fresh acqua.

## The Crème de la Crème that Counts

A spotter is someone who fills the void of a new space level, opened up through an awakened person who has attained the level of consciousness within. The sitter is a pro to the neophyte on a journey beyond the level reached. I know, through the 8 limbs of the yogic path, when the level of the siddhis—magical apparitions and materializations—is attained, it can obstruct the flow of the aspirant’s ultimate goal of enlightenment, occurrences being more glam that the final goal, a goal never seen but rumored to the highest level of exaltation through personal accounts. Virtue. I got through Gael’s yoga session veiled and fueled with my too good to be true tales of ardent aggression reflective of an Adventures of Pecos Bill story. It is, at this point, the danger lied for me. I told myself to “Keep going.” don’t envision the potential of a slender physique wrapped in Etro. Don’t get lost in the madness.

“And rise slowly up, palms touching each other, to the heart, to the sky…and arch back.” Gael instructed. The mirroring of the divine and mundane realms brought access and awareness: flesh and air, body and mind, the body beautiful and the majestic lines that bridge to heaven’s abode of magic. “Slowly lift up. Palms to chest, hands to floor. Jump back legs to plank pose.” My face flushed a blush of rose. Magic.

## Feathers and Ruffles

Pisces Moonbeam dream (moon in Pisces united with a Scorpionic sun shell: sun and moon (SAM). The great deluge of O, the ”Ahh!” catapulting to reality, perfect like pizza and Indian Food. The food is dissolving the flesh of the fat around my circumference, round the folds of fat gathered off of large plates of simple spaghetti and tech food chemical boosts, Fruitopia to an Encor cuisine with parboiled rice. My mind got ruffled and tangled by my systematic regimen of youthful economics for the into–a–new–paradigm of advancement. My spirit anchored at the shore of spaghetti for the longest. It

shielded the speed of life and the indifference needed to push through the food for thought. CHURN. MARINATE…WISK!

The fat from my thighs cleave for life as the last vestige to leave the form. My arms are the steady spaghetti, the watchmen with stubborn resolve to stick around. They are so slim.

This time, My heart is light as a feather and ruffled with bliss. the heart dense with hopes to grow lighter until I rise, floating in a suspension of air, orbiting out towards the light years of outer space. Om Namah Shivaya.

## The Look of Love

The look of love is the body beautiful through the triune of INFORMATION, KNOWLEDGE and WISDOM, a three leaf to smoke out and contemplate. INFORMATION, the SON, converts to KNOWLEDGE the FATHER application of information and its imprint of development within a task. The yield WISDOM is the rocking chair with much experience and cleverness, enough to fill a children's book with cautionary tales to tell, securing truths through mythology. It is GRANDFATHER, the trail of humanity's underworld, water retaining the bulk of the sorrow. Rewind to the first tier of the three leaf: Cancer.

"Remain like young bamboo." I remembered Bruce Lee's advice, a sidereal Scorpio like myself, his 27 to my 28th of November. I said to him "Stay flexible and hustle right." like the inferential suggestion of Hip-Hop's advice gearing the next generation—if you caught it on the boob tube and if you were of the philosophically inclined and the caged warrior par excellence...as I.

Be "In the know." INFO. SON. The sum?

An eternal three leaf cycle of the four quadrants of summer, fall, winter and spring, speaking of fire, earth, air and water's astrological dispensation. The FATHER within the topmost quadrant, to the hilt and high point of magic, mundane and mythic: need a curvature, tipping to either side in times of the shining. The high points of magic reflect back upon the countenance of our psyche, the theoretical air of virtue pouring forth WISDOM to wield for our youthful resolve (SON) and the stories generated to make us WISDOM, the final tier, the GRANDFATHER.

My mind, an iridescent camouflage, nourished through yoga, brings the regeneration of eternity.

“From Cobra pose, triangle…” Gael went on.

## The Ocean and Us

Gael’s spirit began to merge with mine. Synched to the receding and the forward motion of the ocean waves. We cupped at the crash and released at the pullback of the water onto the wet, matted sand, increased the speed through the billowy foam of the in between cycles of the tide intervals....The mind goes there in a restful corpse pose filled with vital stimulation echoing every nerve, purging every pore with fragrant redolence of Musc 25, Vanilla Bean behind my ears, rose on the wrist pulse points. Byredo’s Mumbai Noise’s foray into an ocean drift for the chocolate goddess dripped in fruit and spice: the compendium of the dense liquid café that seeped into my skin. I am an air buffet, a perfect inhale of The Garden Effect. I am a compendium of scents.

## Crushing With the Waves

Miriam’s rainbow, released through the toss of her Coke can, betrayed in the mind for a moment and picked back up. The heat waves and settles. The settling taming the crescendo and the moments leading to it. I steady my focus to the centre of the forehead screen and see colors and shapes moving in and out of the deep recesses of black. I sink into the flute music.

# Part 4

## Spring's Eternal Reality

Rising from the billowy foam of the in between, between chilling cold and dying heat, springs water for a coffee brew. The bitter and the sweet, dissolving through liquid showering. Tight, compressed clouds reign over the sky. A vision of a child's face in the Santa Fe clouds in front of a middle school. My transfixed and paralyzed self beamed a great smile seeing, for the first time, a solid, moving image in the clouds. I wondered at the animated and smiling mast. I wondered if the man sitting in his car with his head down in front of the school saw the image as well. The sky image returned to my mind, like springs eternal reality of growth and renewal, of desires for renewal, for the youthful self and a reflection of its eternal presence. I mourn for the self that once was me, the woman that once was, full of wonder and oblivious, haphazard folly on a quest for the meaning of reality while getting caught and tangled in it. I will always pull from her source, her wisdom, her insight, her Santa bag of findings. She had a big heart for things…Massive (Awesome).

My transportation through life's internal to external modality made possible through her, my spiritual Sherpa, wild and foraging and
yet—strangely—pensive and quiet.

I am in the nursery stage of my life, viewing the living and the dead yet to be born. Some have taken flight and moved on into new human form, I conclude of the baby face cloud's appearance. The entire therapy group begins to look like seekers of future parents.

## A Fragrant House

The best way to scent a home is through memory, to tame the delight had by such a joy. Memories are blocks of time stacked atop each other seeking to be Mon Numero 9 from L'Artisan Parfumeur. The billowy foam of the in between memory and new paradigms at the fore are the building blocks that steady the experience like new fragrances and a yoga block.
Eau de Gael spritzed on the mat and velas emitting heady aroma.

I envision a billion white roses bleeding red petals filling the cracks of a desert bed. I envision Madame Miriam's messages presaging a successful downpour of fragrant mass. I weep at my imaginings and fill an airy space of my senses with Musc 25, Le Labo's exclusive to Los Angeles gem. A full musk. Art is an enigmatic blessing helping to resolve inner conflict through colour, form and liquid. A fragrant house is pure gold. .79. I imagine Chad

lining up an assembly of toy soldiers collecting buckets of red roses to throw onto the stage of the sky of a billion white roses taking a bow.
I cry at the most beautiful fragrance.

## Sí Sí, Yes, Yes, Oui Oui

To all three in repeat: Spanish English French: SEF. The L letter. Insert between the letters E and F, we go for SELF. Oui Oui! We turn into ourselves, the collected repository. The mind is spirit and the HERMETIC philosophical ideation of THE MIND IS ALL holds true. YES | SEY. Sí Sí, Yes Yes, Oui Oui.

Gael Garcia Bernal, it is true, the mind is a baked maze of the creator. I put velas on every side of your life. Spiritual feel the burn passion of Dior's Hypnotic Poison of my early years, I learned a Madonna favourite as well. I remember the article that once told me of a woman's compliment from another that said she smelled like Africa. Pasión Por Africa, Kim Basinger's movie promoted in Mexico. I took a photo of the billboard in the sky. Sí, an eau de parfum by Giorgio Armani (GA), purchased in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Rich, sweet juice and churros. It's amore. Sí Sí, Yes Yes, Oui Oui.

An Allah bint (a beautiful girl—meaning found in an Arabic language book from the middle of the 20th century). Bent is a rainbow. Scramble phrase…Sí Sí, Yes Yes, Oui Oui. Freeze frame the mind and live off the course and nectar produced.

## The Veil

The veil, the cloak, the protection.
"What is your veil now, Araceli?" Gael asked
"The whole bar."
"The works!" He smiled and continued. "Take your time. Life is experimental To get something right…it'll be repurposed for the contrary. Focus on the mind and wherever it is today."

## Group Therapy Check

"I'm here." Renèe Wiggins said with a mellow hum.
Laganja Estranga raised her arms, held her black Birkin bag with a gold lock in one hand and a cigarette in another in vibrant joy. Jacob Tombs and Rebecca Fiorello gave a unison, "Indeed!"
Chad Whethers winked a sly smile of presence, like one to the thought of a missing toy to the culprit.

Madame Miriam gave a consummate affirmation of “Check!”
And me, Araceli Luna Basquiat, cut through the billowy foam of my shy mind to be present in many forms: Tut, Buddha, Krishna, Allah, The Black Madonna, Lucifer, the Devil, God and Goddess and the Cosmic Christ. I answered, “Yes.” to all of them.
“That sounds right,” Gael Becomes Luna ran off his checklist for the last time “answering for all those entities sums you. Very immaculate!” Uplifting melancholy covered Gael’s face.

## The Council of the Altar of Heaven

I could see inside the alien spacecraft. Inside it, all the therapy group members for a send off into nocturnal sleep. The alien stood the watchman with eyes like flashlights.

## Phylum (File ‘em)

All the white roses billowing sweat from the sky, the camellias in bloom and all the honeysuckle breezes and syrupy sweet tuberoses pouring their liquid drip at the hands of the great Goddess that is me. File ‘em. Freeze them in time like snapshots emblazoned in the memory. Freeze them for Eau de Gael’s sake like Diana’s wedding cake on sale in the back of a tabloid. My love for him is that way. Freeze frame the unforgettable and utilize it as fuel anytime like a nebulous morph of a dwarf billowing from volcanic ash in Tonga. It’s for the record of all time! Freeze the therapy group with an ocean of happiness—it’s the billowy foam of the in between vanilla sweet in spirit memory! The mind is the spirit. So mote it be. We all cheered, raising our Fiorello cups. So mote it be. Phylum (File ‘em) forever. So mote it be.

## Hot Buttons

Emergence into the world with the great 8 from the mind of the one of unending potential and a complete work still. It’s the world’s imposition, everything outside of the self suggesting something else, something more to be done. The idea is to never lose work and yet remain with the idea of eternal completion. Life is a continuum, find the objective within circumstances—and be slightly kilter for the shield, the veil. The self is repackaged, suited for a Chanel button down just waiting to wrap itself around the intellectual sum of my form, in the shadows, in spades.

## About the Author

Araceli Luna Basquiat (Stacey Marie Hines) is a Georgia State University undergraduate alumna (sociology) and a Returned Peace Corps Volunteer (Group 76, Jamaica, 2005–2007). The novelette, *About Spirit: A Dime Piece's Guide to Understanding Spirit and All its Tools*, is her first: a quirky, pragmatic and philosophical take on the author's life experiences and encounters, shared within the context of an imaginary weekend retreat with a colourful therapy group, instructed by the therapy counselor of her dreams. A blend of real life events and fiction merging for a type of utilitarian catharsis for modern times. It is, at once, imaginative and humorous and filled with information every dime piece should have in her arsenal.